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BY THE WAYSIDE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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PRICE THREE CENTS

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Published by the Wisconsin Audubon Society, at Madison, Wisconsin
ENTERED AT THE MADISON POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. V

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1902

Nos 4 and 5

Henry D. Thoreau (1817-1862).

Thoreau began life as a pencil-maker in Concord, Mass., and in this trade he acquired great skill. He had a clever turn with tools, a fine sense of touch, and a keen insight into details. It was said of him that he could arrange pencils into dozens simply by taking up the required number in his hand, without counting. In 1833 he entered Harvard, where he graduated, though he was never considered a good scholar. He tried teaching, lecturing, and writing for magazines; but did not find any of these occupations congenial. He gave up his pencil-making just when it promised to make him rich. In 1845 he built a house at Walden Pond, near Concord, and lived there in complete solitude for two years. Here he wrote his best work, *Walden*, a description of the natural life of which he was so long a part. After this experience at Walden he earned his livelihood in a very irregular fashion, doing anything that came to hand, from carpentering to surveying. The larger part of his time was spent in what he called "sauntering" in the open air, about the fields and along the streams. He never went far from his native state; but he visited Maine several times, and his book, *In the Maine Woods*, is the result of his trips. Thoreau was a true lover of nature; he had little use for books except as supplying him with information not to be obtained from nature. He had no patience with the usual ambitions and rivalries and hurry of business life. He preferred the freedom, the charm and beauty of nature to wealth, social position, fame, or opportunities of travel. He was fond of saying that in his little home town in Massachusetts could be seen most of the marvels people travel for

to see in foreign lands. Probably no American writer ever spent so much time out of doors as did Thoreau. He was the first great apostle of the new hunting that does not allow of killing. Not a single bird perished, not a nest suffered, in order to enrich his collection. He did not believe in collections. The trees and flowers and all living things were his friends and comrades all his life; so he studied them at close range as few have done since his time. It was a saying of his that any bird or wild creature would come close to one if he but made himself into a stick or stone for an hour or two. Certainly no one ever more successfully made himself into a motionless object; and seated where the shyest creatures were moving all about him, he saw and heard what no one had ever been able to see or hear. His works are full of knowledge of wild things which he obtained in this way. Yet he rarely spoke of what he knew, and he was known to his neighbors as the man who could tell the berry-gatherers and nutting-parties where to go for the best berries and nuts. He knew his locality—every farm and wood and stream in it. He kept an accurate account of the date of the flowering time of every plant, the time of arrival of every bird. If we are to believe him he could tell the day of the month by the scents of blossoms in his own swamps and meadows; he once said that if he should wake up in the night in the midst of one of these natural flower-gardens he could tell with certainty the time of night as well as the day of the month. Though little understood by those of his own time, Thoreau's reputation has been growing steadily. He was more than a student of nature; he was something of a poet, and a good deal of a philosopher. Per-

haps it is this unusual combination that makes his work so lasting. His love of nature gave him an inexhaustible subject, his poetic talent helped him to find the best expression for his thoughts, his philosophy gave the human touch which we all enjoy and look for in his writings, even though we are not interested in his birds or his flowers. Thoreau was not given to enthusiasms, but he greatly admired three men: his Indian guide in Maine, Walt Whitman, the poet, and John Brown, the hero-martyr. His message to us as he has left it in his works is a large one, and all of us can find something of interest in him, something always fresh and new. Especially is this true of *Walden*, which has been called the most valuable literary production of its kind ever written; it belongs to that small list of works which are to be read once a year. O. G. L.

Some Observations in Montana.

Dear WAYSIDE: How odd it would be to have a bird paper here in Butte named "By the WAYSIDE"—here where roads are sandy paths taken at random across the barren hills and where wayside shrubbery and hedgerows are unknown! I cannot tell you how much I miss Wisconsin's wooded country roadsides and shaded forest lanes. Except for a scanty growth of dwarfed pines on the mountain sides and two little valleys bordered by thickets of willow and hazel, I have found no trees within two hours walk from Butte. To-day I went out to one of these valleys known as Brown's Gulch, and I shall tell you in brief of my walk.

When I started at six o'clock, the sun hung like a fiery ball in the clouds of sulphur fumes from Butte's smelters that enveloped the mountains to the east. The air was extremely chilly (we had snow the other week) so I walked rapidly through the town. There was not a bird note to be heard whereas in Wisconsin and Illinois there would have been scores. The first specimen I saw was a bluebird—a real true bluebird, blue above and blue below. He was sitting on a rock, a few rods outside of the city limits, where he seemed to have spent the

night. When I got within twenty feet he flew up reluctantly and a female that I had not noticed before joined him from a rock near by. Another female followed. Then another, and two males—late risers, I concluded, like Buttes' citizens. They all seemed newly awakened, flew hither and thither awhile and then, evidently deciding that one perch on a sagebrush covered and rock strewn desert was as good as another, settled down at random. As there were no buildings close by and as the sagebrush is only a foot tall I suppose these birds had nested on the outskirts of the town and had resorted to the valley after rearing their brood.

This mountain bluebird is of the same gentle disposition as the eastern species and utters a similar soft call.

Associated with the bluebirds I found the prairie horned lark—a rather common species here in Montana. Both species caught insects on the wing and whenever a bluebird and a lark happened to get anywhere near each other the bluebird invariably chased the lark until he resumed his perch on the ground.

A little further, on a mud flat bordering a little stream I found a least sandpiper. Save for its "peep" I should have passed unawares. As I came nearer the sandpiper's call became very loud and excited and no wonder for it was the "danger signal" to her little ones. I sat down on the sand about a rod away and waited. Soon one long-legged, woolly little sandpiper went running along on the mud from where he had squatted at the signal. Then about fifty feet away another started up and soon another. The mother bird ran, calling continually, toward a little patch of grass. Immediately I saw a little bunch of down bob up near her. The mother called softly then turned and ran to meet another little sandpiper, taking him to the same spot. After she had gathered her four little ones about her I heard her repeat a soft two-note call,—evidently a token of maternal love. It reminded me of the call of a cluck after she had gathered her little ones safely under her wings.

After a few moments the family separated again. The mother bird ran about picking

up particles of food, the little ones bobbed and "teetered" across the mud flat and I walked on.

About half a mile down the stream—which was *not* bordered by shrubbery—I saw several vesper and several song sparrows and heard their attempts at song. Were it not for some better music I heard later in the day I should have judged western sparrows to be very inferior songsters.

Across the stream was a miner's cabin and on the telegraph wires of the railroad that ran alongside the stream I noticed those old friends with their familiar ways,—the barn swallows.

All I saw during the next four miles walk across the monotonous sagebrush covered hills was a sparrow hawk and the only bird music I heard came from a horned lark. When I reached Brown's Gulch, however, (the one wooded valley I spoke of earlier in my letter), I was greeted by strange voices that issued from the thickest of willows. After beating through the bushes for a while I flushed a large crow-like bird with a white belly and white patches on its shoulders and wings. It was a magpie and I soon learned that it had uttered the strange calls. Later in the day I flushed several more of these minstrels that are much more often heard than seen.

Farther up the valley I saw two morning doves but failed to hear their call. In an irrigated field there was a large flock of Brewers' blackbirds feeding among the new mown hay. The males are black, about the size of our cowbird, and have conspicuous white eyes. The females are brown. In habits they resemble their near relatives.

Next I learned to know the red-shafted flicker. I was attracted by the regular flicker call, the rapidly repeated *guk, guk, guk*,—"There was a whole family in a pine on one of the bluffs and had it not been for the red color on the under side of the wings and tail I should not have been able to tell them from our eastern golden winged species.

Some distance farther a killdeer flew up calling his well known "kill-dee dee dee" and

after flying about a while disappeared among the hills.

In another part of the irrigated field I mentioned above I saw several western meadow larks. They possess all the characteristic marks of the eastern birds and hence are easily recognized by sight but their notes are so entirely different that one would never recognize them by sound. In fact twice—the second with success—I searched diligently for the author of a loud one-note call varied occasionally with a dove-like one of two notes that came from the tops of the shrubs bordering the spring fed stream which flowed through the valley. Just before I left the Gulch on my way back to Butte I heard this famous bird sing and although those notes were uttered during the hot hours of a July afternoon they were of indescribable sweetness and I felt that bird students had given the songsters no unmerited praise.

Aside from that good friend the chickadee the above mentioned birds were all I saw from 6 a. m. to 8 p m.

Now while I am writing I hear night-hawks calling. Those and a Lay's phoebe are the only birds I have yet seen within city limits.

Before I close I must mention three birds notorious in the East, that I did *not* see—the English sparrow, the common crow, and the cowbird.

A. F. M.

Butte, Mont., July 27, 1902.

Nature Study in the Public Schools of Chicago.

Some years ago a new "Course of Study" was put into the hands of every grade teacher in our city schools. One of the new features of this course was the introduction of Nature Study into the curriculum. Ninety to one hundred minutes a week was to be given to it, but half of that time was to be devoted to physiology. The questions then arose: "What is Nature Study? How is it to be treated?" An answer to this appeared as an appendix to the "Course of Study," in which was given an outline for work; but it was very vague and very general.

The teachers, without further instructions, proceeded to carry out what was demanded of them. They taught the dissemination of seeds, hibernation of animals, the changes of climate and temperature with the seasons, the forms of water, the reading of thermometer and barometer, the transformation of insects, the migration of birds, and the topography of the country.

They were not very successful in this because the work was too general and not systematic. No teacher, in taking a new class, knew what had been done by the former teacher; she ran the risk of giving a repetition of the previous year's work, and had no way of knowing to what extent she could hold the child responsible.

There also was another great drawback to success and that was the size of the classes. The most successful work in Nature Study should be done in the field classes; but if the membership is from forty-five to sixty pupils, as is the case in our schools, it is not possible to undertake much. What has been accomplished, in that line, was done by teachers who took out a part of their pupils before and after school hours and on Saturdays.

Nature Study is so comprehensive a subject that a plan can easily be evolved which will give a new field for every one of the eight grades, the work of each being based upon a knowledge acquired in those below.

Placing it upon as systematic a footing as arithmetic will give to Nature Study the chance for success it needs, as thereby the teacher can fit herself for the work required for the year; and the interest of the pupils is never allowed to wane, because new matter is constantly being presented.

Thus far, the work has been successfully done only in those schools where the principals have taken it upon themselves to apportion systematically to each teacher such work as is appropriate for the grade, and also by those individual teachers who have mapped out for their year's work such a plan as will correlate with much of the other work of the grade.

In working out a plan, great care should be taken to introduce into it such matter as

will have the greatest influence in arousing in the child an intelligent interest in the things around him, to the extent of urging him to improve his environment.

This is best done by treating the subject from an economic standpoint. Nothing so appeals to the child as the fact that his acts are of some value. Let him know that he can help to make conditions better, and he is won.

If botany is to be the subject, and Nature's plan for dissemination of seeds is to be considered, then introduce the planting of seeds, and show the soil, light, and heat-conditions necessary; and teach him to know the noxious weeds, that he may help destroy them.

If birds are under discussion, migration is not of as much importance as a study of the food they need, for that, more than anything else, will impress the necessity of protection. In all cases let the lesson be about some real bird. Let the child see a live robin in its natural element, then discuss its habits. Pictured robins or stuffed skins should not be used until this has been done.

If insects are taken up, show that, although some are objectionable, many, like the bees, dragon-flies, and ichneumons, are of inestimable value. Show their transformations by gathering eggs and allowing them to develop through the successive stages.

Do not overlook the importance of the frog, and especially the toad, to the happiness of mankind.

Introduce into the work just enough of the principles of physics to make the physiological conditions and meteorological phases comprehensible.

In all cases where the line must be drawn, teach the child to know the cat at his side, in preference to the tiger in the jungle.

ELIZABETH C. BUHMANN.

Chicago.

Especial attention is called to the weekly paper, *The Plymouth Review*, of Wisconsin, which always has a column or more of excellent bird notes by Mrs. W. O. Gaffron.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the fifteenth of each month.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year. Single copies three cents.

All subscriptions and business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager,

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116 East Gorham Street,
Madison, Wis.

All communications relating to the School Branch Department should be sent to its Secretary,

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Milwaukee, Wis.

Other contributions for THE WAYSIDE should be sent to the Editor,

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Dr. O. G. Libby.

Wisconsin Audubonites will all regret very much the departure of Dr. O. G. Libby, our good president, for North Dakota. There are few bird-lovers in the state of Wisconsin who are such real leaders as he, and who can inspire by both example and enthusiasm so deep an interest in our little feathered friends.

While we rejoice with North Dakota in her acquisition, we can but feel the loss of his personal activity in our immediate vicinity. We in Madison can all recall early morning walks with him, and it is well here to describe briefly his method of inspiring in others love for our birds.

As soon as the weather was reasonably comfortable, the bird classes would begin, each year since 1895, with a meeting under the evergreens north of University Hall, and continue every Saturday morning from about half an hour after sunrise to breakfast-time. All the way from five to one hundred and eight persons have been out in a morning. This number, of course, could not all follow Dr. Libby with profit; so the number was divided into smaller parties under other leaders, who guided their squads through regular routes laid out so as

to bring the people in contact with as many kinds of birds as possible. All of these routes terminated at "The Bridge," where an exchange of notes occurred; and then the party broke up, each to go home as he pleased.

The leaders called attention to the new birds as they came in sight or hearing, and told what they could of interest about each. Many of the followers noted down facts; and it certainly would make anyone enthusiastic to see how even the little children came with their mother or nurse so as not to miss the class. Many would squat down in the grass to write a note, or scribble a word or two on fence-board or tree-trunk, and ask questions. Such, in brief, was the work conducted by the "Bird Man," as Dr. Libby is known.

Dr. Libby has often lectured in this state and Illinois, using the lantern-slides which were collected, at his suggestion, by the Audubon Society.

The most important scientific work in this line which he has done was to call attention to the fact that the moon can be used to aid in observations upon the migration of birds. One can see them plainly as they are passing the moon's disc, in spring or fall, by the use of a telescope or powerful opera-glass. The species can very often be told from its manner of flight. These observations were reported in the *Auk*, and were also read before the Wisconsin Academy of Arts, Letters, and Science. Other articles are given in the *Osprey*, and many articles and notes in the *WAYSIDE* are from his pen. A paper of considerable interest will soon appear in *The American Journal of Psychology*.

While we shall all personally miss Dr. Libby, he has promised to send us frequent notes; and we shall be happy to know more of his new field at Grand Forks, on the Red River of the North. No doubt many interesting notes will come from that locality. We send herewith our sincerest kind wishes to Dr. O. G. Libby, and congratulations to the people of North Dakota, who are so fortunate as to secure both a good historian and a nature-lover. O. B. Z.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin school branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 604 E. Division st., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall st., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the Wisconsin badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin st., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Crow.

The crow is found more or less abundantly in all parts of Wisconsin, and is too well-known by all to need any description here. Although found in most parts of the state throughout the whole year, where food conditions permit, it is never-the-less migratory, and the birds with us in the winter are not those with us during the spring and summer, but are from further north. The crow only migrates a short distance and the movement is not very noticeable except in spring. In Dane county this northward movement is very evident during the latter part of February, and the first week in March.

During the winter the crows feed together in rather small flocks, posting sentrys on some elevation near where they are feeding to give instant warning on the approach of danger, and flying from field to field in search of food, or rushing into a fold of woods to persecute some poor owl, which one of their number has discovered.

Nesting is begun during the last of March, and the first of April. The site chosen is usually in the deep woods, or in some little-frequented grove, but occasionally one finds a nest in an open pasture, or even near the home. In regard to the choice of a tree,

they are not so very particular as to a pine, but oaks are perhaps more frequently used, and the nest built well towards the top, and generally on the main trunk. The nest itself is a large comfortable structure, built of sticks, the interior the shape of a shallow bowl, always round and symmetrical, and smoothly lined with dead grass, root fibres, moss, shreds of bark, hair, feathers, twine, etc., and makes a very well-built, substantial and comfortable home for the young nestling. The usual number of eggs is four or five, and they are hatched after an incubation period of about fourteen days, although this varies somewhat with climatic conditions. The young crows grow rapidly, and are enormous eaters, daily devouring more than their weight. They are well grown by the last of June.

Stories concerning the sagacity and cunning of the crow are too many, and too well known by all, to repeat any of them here. But you realize how important an aid he is to the farmer, and his benefits are apt to be entirely overlooked.

That he does considerable damage is not to be denied, but in stealing corn he probably thinks himself taking the salary which is his due, and an impartial trial would bear him out, for the damage he does is far outweighed by the good he does in the destruction of noxious insects and rodents. For during the year a crow kills a great many mice, moles, gophers, young rabbits, and crayfish, with a small per cent of beneficial animals, as frogs, lizards, etc. He also eats a great many injurious insects, and may often be seen walking soberly over a freshly plowed field, picking out cut worms and larvæ, and during the summer he consumes great quantities of grasshoppers, beetles, cut worms, weevils, tent-caterpillars, canker worms, etc. Its chief damage, to the corn, can generally be overcome by various devices, and his hen house depredations, which are seldom, are not apt to continue when there is a kingbird on the premises.

The crow is one of the most interesting birds that we have, and a bird that one is well paid in studying. Three especially good biographies of the crow are: "The Common Crow in the United States," by Walter B. Barrows and E. A. Schwartz, issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture; "The Crow in Massachusetts," by E. H. Forbusch, issued by the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture; and "The American Crow," by Frank L. Burns, published by the Wilson Ornithological chapter, of Oberlin College, Ohio.

N. C. G.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges for July are won by Hortense Guggenheimer of Galena, Ill., and Veda Marsh of Antigo, Wis.

A gold pin will be given to the child who wins the Wisconsin honor badge for the third time after June, 1902.

A handsome bird-book will be given to the writer of the best letter about "A Bird House and its Occupants," handed in before October first.

Another prize book will be given for the best set of migration notes kept through September and October. These notes should give the date, the time of day, the weather, the locality, the species seen, whether the birds were flying singly or in flocks, and whether they were stopping to feed.

Our Letter-box.

SOUTHWEST HARBOR,

MT. DESERT ISLAND, MAINE.

My Dear WAYSIDE Children: Isn't this a long way for me to send you a letter? Suppose you take maps and find out where I am. Not too far away to think of you and wonder where you all are this lovely day. How I wish I could pick you all up and put you all down here in this beautiful place so you could see the mountains and islands and woods and sea with me. Wouldn't we have a good time? though perhaps you wouldn't enjoy being "picked up," and I am sure I should let some of you slip through my fingers!

I am writing you now, out of doors, sitting

on some rocks by the sea, and when I look up from my paper I "lift up mine eyes unto the hills" with the beautiful white clouds floating over them. Sometimes the white gulls float past, almost like clouds themselves, but it makes me sad to see how few there are and to know that they have had to give so many of their number to the milliners. How anyone, who has ever seen the gulls, free and beautiful, can think they look better on a hat, is something you and I cannot quite understand, for we are all good Audubonites, and we like our birds to be thoroughly alive. This state of Maine hasn't any Audubon society, but we are hoping it will have soon. There are some lovely birds here and this morning I saw a gay little redstart and a pine warbler flying about in the evergreens. There were one or two other warblers but they were not as considerate as the little gentleman in the pine tree. Perhaps he thought, as this is the "pine tree state," he ought to do the honors and give a special welcome to a stranger from Illinois.

Now, there are some things I want to tell you, and one is that after this, as some of you know, Mrs. Scudder is to take care of the children's part of the work in Illinois. That does not mean that I have given up the work, or that I am never going to write you any more letters. It only means that you are to send your letters to Mrs. Scudder and she will take care of the buttons and the honor badges and be your own special officer.

Then I want you to know that we have two good "Traveling Libraries," each having twelve books about birds, and these are to be lent to any schools or clubs that want them. Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 North State street, Chicago, has charge of them; so, if your teachers would like to have them you just write a letter to Mrs. Deane.

Then there is another thing that we are glad to tell you, and that is that we are going to have a set of bird slides for a "traveling lecture," that can be sent to different towns and schools so you can see some lovely pictures of birds. If you tell your teachers about the libraries and lecture, I think some

of them will be glad to have them sometime this coming winter or spring.

Two beautiful gulls have just flown over us and I wonder if they live on Duck Island. That is an island not very far from here where many gulls have their nests and bring up their little ones in the way they should. You may not know that all along the coast now, that committee with a name almost long enough to reach from Maine to Illinois, the "Bird Protection Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union," has wardens that look after the nests of the sea birds and try to keep men from coming onto the islands where they live and killing them. Some of these men are keepers of the light-houses and they are doing much good work for the birds. Perhaps some day Mr. Clark will let us print his little story, "Catharine Gray's Chickens," in the WAYSIDE, and then you will know the sad little story of so many of the lovely sea gulls.

Good-bye, dear children, all. I hope you are having a happy summer and learning more about the birds, and I *do* hope, very much, that our Illinois children are going to write many more letters for the WAYSIDE this next year. Mrs. Peckham writes me (and I know she feels very proud about it) that she has so many letters from the Wisconsin children, and then Mrs. Scudder writes me she only had *one* Illinois letter! I wonder and wonder what *is* the matter. Why don't some of you write and tell me why you *don't* write? Couldn't you do that? We want our birds to sing! I'm sure the Wisconsin birds cannot sing any better than the Illinois birds, nor the Wisconsin children write any better than the Illinois ones—of course not!

Always your friend

MARY DRUMMOND.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Galena, Ill.

My Dear Miss Drummond: The Audubon society met this afternoon at Miss Gardner's school. Miss Gardner read to us that those who wrote the best letter would get a prize, so I took a notion to try my best to get one,

though I don't think I will succeed. I love birds. One day on my way to school I saw eight robins all hunting a place to build their nests. They were all so fat that they looked like rubber balls. In the summer-time I put a saucer of water out for the birds and scattered bread crumbs around the saucer.

I joined the Audubon Society when Miss Gardner first spoke of it. I think it is a mean shame the way boys shoot birds just for two cents, and the way women think they put style on when they have birds on their hats. I think a hat looks nicer without birds. Don't you? Mamma never wears birds in her hats and I think they are always nice.

A neighbor of ours planted some sun-flowers and wild canaries came and sang for us. Coming home from school I heard a "caw, caw." I looked around and saw a crow. He seemed to be enjoying himself. I am in the 5th grade and am eleven years old. I think I have written enough so I will close, hoping to get the prize.

I remain your friend,

HORTENSE GUGGENHEIM.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Antigo, Wis.

Dear WAYSIDE: I have been studying birds for two years and like it very much. I know twenty-eight different varieties of birds. Papa and mamma, my little brother and myself are living in a cottage on our farm during vacation.

There is a pasture just east of our cottage and there are quite a few cow-birds in it. They are a little smaller than a robin and resemble the blackbird. The male is much darker than the female. They are so lazy they will not hunt their own food, but follow the horses and cattle around and eat the bugs and worms that they scare up when they walk about. They are very fearless. One day when papa went up in the pasture to catch old Charlie, our buggy horse, a cow-bird was riding around on his back.

We have a great many trees in our yard,

maple, spruce, apple, thornapple, butternut, pine, elm, and boxelders, and a great many birds visit us. I have found and watched four different kinds of birds and their nests in our yard.

Some house-wrens built a nest in our bug-gy-shed. They built a very bulky nest of dry spruce twigs and lined the hollow with bits of cotton and wool and chicken feathers, making a soft nest for four little eggs. The 21st of July, I saw one little baby wren sitting on the edge of the nest.

The 18th of July I noticed a robin's nest up in one of our butternut trees by the granary. Nearly every day when I go to look at the nest she is sitting on it. I think she must be laying some eggs. On July 21, the male was gathering currants from our currant bushes to feed the female.

Some Bohemian Waxwings built a nest in an apple tree back of the granary. We put some string out on our trees, and every morning for a while they used to come and pull at the string. Their nest is made of dry twigs and string and it looks as if there was some cotton and chicken feathers in it. After the nest was finished she laid three eggs in it; and, after a while they hatched. One day papa climbed up in the tree to see if there were any eggs or birdies in the nest and all he could see were three mouths wide open, and now they are nearly half grown.

A king-bird built a nest in an elm tree in our garden. She hatched out three little birds. When they were big enough to fly they sat out on the fence, and their breasts were so white they looked as if she had tied some white bibs around their necks. They are of a grayish-black with a white breast and white bar across the tail. The king-birds got their name by fighting other birds bigger than themselves. Quite a time ago when we went to town, some king-birds were chasing some crows and the crows are such cowards that they will fly as fast as they can to get away from the king-birds. One day a king-bird chased a crow until it had to walk, it was so tired.

We have a basin of water out on a stone-pile and the birds come and bathe, espec-

ially the goldfinch. I am ten years old and am in the sixth grade.

Your little reader, VEDA MARSH.

One of Polly's Days.

Polly had finished her breakfast and was wondering whether to have one of her good cries or take a nap, when her busy eye spied something which caused her to scramble down from her perch.

No! the door of her cage was not firmly fastened, and Polly did not take long to open it and climb out. The large yellow jasmine, full of blossoms, caught her eye; and, with a chuckle, she went to work, and in a short time had bereft the poor bush of its wealth of beauty.

The window sill next received Polly's attention, and such fun as she had, her strong bill tearing off piece after piece of wood! Finally she concluded to start on a tour of investigation.

Across the sitting room she waddled, and into the dining room, where a door stood open a crack; through this crack she managed to squeeze, thus entering the kitchen. No one being there she climbed upon a chair that stood by the table. On the table she saw a bowl. "What can be in it?" she asked herself; "I believe I'll find out!"

The bowl proved to be half full of something so delicious in odor that she could not resist the temptation of tasting. In her eagerness to get all that was possible of the dainty, Polly stepped into the bowl with both feet; and when Bridget entered the kitchen, what she saw caused her to rush into the hall calling: "Miss Cora! Miss Cora! plaze come and see what your baste of a parrot's doing! Shure it is meself that could have kilt her entirely!"

Miss Cora heard the call and came quickly, and on the table where the indignant but laughing Bridget pointed, she saw a mass of green feathers in the midst of a yellow compound. At the same time a giggle was heard, and Polly lifted up her bedaubed face, saying in her sweetest tones: "Cora, Polly's all right."

As soon as Cora's laughter permitted, she

took up the sticky, greasy bird. "Where were you, Bridget," she asked, "to let her get on the table?"

"Shure, miss, answered Bridget, "I put down me bowl, with the eggs, butter and sugar in it that I was bating for an illegant cake, and went to the door a minute to spake to Ned, the grocer boy; and when I came back, there was that bird in the bowl, ating as fast as she could."

"Well, Bridget, I am very sorry; there is nothing for you to do but to make another cake, while I try to clean my naughty Polly," said Cora.

So she carred off her bird, gave her a bath, put her in her cage (with the door securely fastened this time), and told her to be a good Polly.

With a graceful bow, Polly replied: "All right; shut up." Then she immediately commenced singing, crying, and screaming: "Cora!" until, to stop so much noise, Cora came back and took her uproarious pet with her to the room where she had been sitting. Polly always enjoyed the privilege of being with her friend, for she loved her dearly; and nothing pleased the loquacious bird better than to stand on the back of a chair near to Cora and chatter to her. On this particular day, Cora was painting and Polly was having a splendid time, when something called Cora out of the room. Before going, Cora put all her painting materials away where she supposed they would be safe from Polly's vandalism. But Polly, not liking to be left alone, decided to see what those funny things were that Cora had been using; and in some way, no one knows how, she managed to get at them.

Hearing the peculiar chuckle that always betrayed Polly when in mischief, Cora hurried back into the room, and such a looking Polly as she saw! A tube of vermilion paint was in her claw and she was busily tearing it to pieces. The result was a Polly with head, breast, and claws covered with fiery red paint, while even wings and tail showed some splashes of it. Cocking her wicked black and yellow eye at Cora, Polly called out "Pretty Poll!"

What happened next, Polly did not like. In spite of all her scolding and struggling (fortunately, her love for Cora prevented her from biting), she was scrubbed in soap-suds—her mouth and throat being scrubbed with special thoroughness, the latter as far down as possible.

When night came, Polly doubtless thought that she had spent a beautiful day, notwithstanding the scrubbing; but the next morning a blistered tongue, the effect of either paint or soap, may have caused her to change her mind. HELEN P. HASKELL.

One day two boys were sitting under a tree. One boy was 10 years old and the other boy was 12. The 10-year-old boy saw a little bird's nest and told the 12-year-old boy and they both climbed the tree and looked in the nest and there were three little eggs, and they took the nest down and sat down a while and afterwards they saw a bird flying to the tree, and when it got there it did not see its nest at all and flew away again, and when they saw what the bird did they put the nest back and they sat down again talking, when they saw the same bird flying back again very happy, and they went home. It was getting late at night now, and then they went to bed thinking about the bird and the nest, so they thought they would go back the next day. So when the next day came they went to the tree and they both climbed the tree and they looked in the nest and there they found three little birds chirping as loud as they could, and the mother bird singing as happy as any mother bird would to see their nest again.

When they went home that night they told their mother about it and they said that they never would rob a bird's nest again. Do you think they ever robbed a bird's nest again? No, indeed, you may say and you are right, because they grew up to be big men and they always taught their children not to touch a nest. This is all I can think of, so good-bye. From HELEN HALL.

Acton, Ill.

BELVIDERE, ILL., Aug. 20, 1901.

Dear Miss Drummond: On our bird table (last night) was a little rosebreasted grosbeak. I do not know whether it was a male or a female. It was a young one and it was dressed exactly like the mother.

Our pump is near the bird table—I should say about three feet from it, maybe less. Mamma wanted a drink and just as I got ready to go out this grosbeak flew on the table. I did not want to scare it away, so I peeped out and talked to it, but it still stayed.

I should say it stayed about half an hour, and at last I went very quietly towards the pump. I had taken one step when off flew the bird.

As soon as I had gotten inside the house it flew back peering through the branches.

MURIEL LAMPERT.

The Cat Bird.

The cat bird is dark brown; it belongs to the family of mocking birds, and is called a cat bird because it sometimes makes a noise like a cat. But it sings very sweetly at times. Every year one builds her nest in our apple tree and I watch her. One day I saw her carry some feathers; another day she took a cloth from a line; it was all she could carry. Then I watched for some time. One day I saw her carry a worm to her nest. After a week a little bird fell to the ground. Then I went out and tried to pick it up, but the mother bird would not let me. She scolden and tried to peck me. Another day as I went out in the yard I heard a noise. At first it frightened me. I called mother. She said it was a young bird. I found it and picked it up and put it in an old bird cage. I hung it at my window. It was open and the old birds fed it worms and cherries until it was strong enough to fly. I have taken care of the young birds for two years to prevent the cats from killing them. I love birds and I think it is a pity to hurt them.

EDNA SAWYER,

219 East 9th St., Alton.

Aged 10 years.

I once saw a mother robin carrying a large worm in her beak. I thought I would watch and see where she was going. She stopped in a place where the grass was quite high. In a little while she came out again and flew around in great distress. After she had gone away I went to see what was the matter. There was a little dead robin in the same spot where the mother bird had been. I waited to see if the mother bird would come back. Before one minute had passed, the bird came back with some leaves. She was flying as fast as she could. She put them over the dead bird. In this way she kept on until the bird was safely covered. She then flew back to the nest to feed the other birds, who were very hungry.

FREDA DITTMAN,

Age 13 years.

1006 Vine St.,

La Crosse, Wis.

Dear WAYSIDE: I am going to tell you about an eagle which I saw when I was still quite small. My papa and the hired man went out doors, and to their great surprise they saw an eagle by a bench near the house eating fish heads.

Papa called us to come and see. Then he took a broom and put it on the eagle's back so he could not fly away. The hired man took him by his feet and mamma by his neck and papa by his wings.

Then they carried him and put him in a cage and gave him something to eat. He measured seven feet two inches from tip to tip.

Yours truly,

Age 12.

ROSA I. ELMER.

In the report of the Missouri Audobon society, published in Bird-Lore, the organ of the Audobon societies, for August, it is stated that song and insectivorous birds have decreased 62 per cent. and game birds 80 per cent in the state of Missiuri during the past fifteen years.

Outing, edited by Caspar Whitney, maintains its high position as a magazine of sport and outdoor life; and its beautiful illustrations greatly enhance its value.

Extracts From Plymouth Review.

A GRAND SIGHT.

Prof. Shutts relates that one of the grandest sights he ever saw was in the Adirondacks. He was camping with a party on Racket river, St. Lawrence Co., New York state a few years ago and, as they were eating supper one evening, strange bird voices drew them from their tent in time to see ten or twelve great blue herons. A short distance from the swamp, stood a small group of spruce trees, every one of which rose to a point. Each heron chose the very tip of one of these trees on which to alight and there, drawn up to his full height, stood a few moments as if to survey the landscape; then all took wing. In silence the campers watched them until their forms were swallowed up in the bottomless abyss.

It was the only time, Prof. Shutts ever saw great blue herons on trees, though they were frequently to be seen in that vicinity wading through the streams or standing motionless watching for a passing fish. He has never seen one in Wisconsin.

A BALD EAGLE'S NEST.

In the vicinity of the camp was the nest of a bald eagle. A good-sized pine tree had been broken off at quite a distance from the ground and on the top of the trunk which remained standing the nest was placed. The birds were to be seen daily as they flew back and forth. Public sentiment of that locality favored protecting the eagles, and did a hunter stray that way who wished to get a shot at the birds, he was quickly given to understand that no such thing would be allowed. Prof. Shutts heard no complaint against the birds on the score of their killing small animals or fowls.

LEAVE BUSHES OR TREES BY THE ROADSIDE.

Prof. Shutts was delighted with many of the country roadsides which he saw in this county; he thought them beautiful. As he drove with Supt. Drewry from Waldo, to this city, he saw places where both sides of the road were grown up thickly with bushes, trees and vines, giving shelter to many useful birds. In a ride of a few miles, he saw more cat birds than one would be apt to see

near Whitewater in a year. He has been and is still trying to impress upon owners of farms that there is much more beauty in a road whose sides are left to grow up to bushes, trees and vines than one in which nothing but grass or perchance weeds are to be seen. Some of the farmers have said that it is such a waste of land, but he replies that it is not necessary to let the bushes grow in their lots, only outside of the fence where the ground is not generally utilized.

A gentleman recently told me that on the farm he formerly owned, he would never have a bird killed and they were very numerous. In cherry time some of the hired men occasionally asked him if they might not shoot the robins, but he always replied, "No, let the birds have all the cherries they want." He used to have so many cherries, nice, perfect ones, too, that some summers he has shipped as many as sixty bushels. The man who now owns the place, kills every bird that he can, and has not a perfect cherry on the place, every one of them being stung, and he has very few even of these poor ones. Since the gentleman referred to sold the place, some of the cherry trees have died so that the crop would be reduced but he is gaining nothing by killing the birds. He sees the poor little cherry that the robin eats, but does not take into account the thousands of insects that the bird has destroyed for him.

Just as the Sun was Setting.

A wise old owl
In an apple tree sat.
And with his big eyes
Was watching a cat.
The blue-bird was sleeping,
For happy was she,
The brown thrush was singing
As sweet as could be.
The swallows were twittering
And ridding the air
Of the numerous insects
That would make the earth bare.
The robin was setting
On her four eggs green,
The horned lark gay
Was no more to be seen.
The blackbirds were sorry
To be thought such a pest,
As they settled their brains
For a good night's rest.
And the rest of the birds
Were closing the day
With their different songs
Full of music so gay.

Age 14 years.

BEN PETERSON,
Union Grove.

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